

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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HYMN AND PRAYER.

Father in heaven, we wait before thy face.
Grant us, we pray, thy presence in this place.
Send down to longing hearts who seek thee
here

The message of thy love, which knows no fear.

Grant us the tongues of fire that fell of old,
The vision clear that made thy prophets bold,
The open mind, the high and pure intent,
The strenuous will on noble service bent.

Grant us amid the shadows of our years
The inner peace that conquers grief and tears.
Teach us the holy secret Jesus saw,
The soul's beatitude, the perfect law.

O living God, we need thy help and power
To consecrate the purpose of this hour:
Grant us the shield of faith, the sword of light;
Then send us forth to battle for the right.

—*Frank L. Phalen.*

DIVINE HELP IN DAILY LIFE.

"If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in
the Spirit."—GALATIANS V. 25.

We live in two worlds,—the world of
matter and the world of spirit, the world
of things seen and transient and another

world of things unseen and eternal. The
one is the outward world of the senses,
in which our bodies live and move and
have their being, while the other is the
ideal world of the soul, the world of thought
and will, of faith, hope, and love. All out-
ward movements of whatever nature are per-
vaded and affected by spiritual influences
which are forever radiating from the in-
visible and ideal world that surrounds
and interpenetrates the visible world of
outward things. The life that sustains
the outward universe, the power that con-
trols its forces, the thought and will that
guide its destiny, are all centred in the spir-
itual world, and, though invisible themselves,
are, nevertheless, manifested to us in various
ways, such as heat, electricity, chemical
affinity, gravitation, the vital energy of
growing things, the organic principle of living
creatures, the reasoning power of the soul.
We cannot tell whence it comes or whither
it goes, and yet we know that the source
of all life, and power, truth and love, here
below lies in this higher world which the
materialist considers as beyond human
knowledge, but which the reverent soul
worships as the immanent Divinity.

In reading the New Testament one is
struck at the way the first Christians as-
cribed all the blessings of daily life to this
divine fountain head, which they some-
times spoke of as another world, above,
around, within this one; at other times
they referred to it as a heavenly influence
pervading all things; and again they speak
of it as their personal companion, their
ever-present lover and helper. Thus Paul
writes, "Grieve not the Spirit,"—as though
he thought of the Spirit as a friend who
would be pained; should they refuse his help
or neglect his warnings; "Quench not the
Spirit,"—as if it were a fire just kindled
in the soul, which might be fanned into
a bright flame and glowing heat through
their co-operation, or be smothered and
deadened by their carelessness or inat-
tention. This apostle also speaks about
"the fruit of the Spirit,"—as if he con-
sidered the Spirit a vital power in the soul

itself, filling the daily life with joy, peace, kindness, trustfulness, gentleness, and self-control. Then, too, he says that the Spirit enables us to call God our Father; that as many as are led by its influence are the sons of God; and that it unites itself with our spirits in bearing witness to our being God's children—heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ.

Under one form or another, this old-time faith has come down to us, and it is needed now, in the midst of the busy, materialistic tendencies of to-day, more than ever before in the history of Christianity. We need the assurance of the early followers of Jesus that God is here with us, even as he was with them; that the divine life, love, truth, and power are always flowing into the receptive soul, to inspire, strengthen, and guide it forever.

It is said that Father Taylor (a quaint Methodist preacher of Boston) was once present at a revival meeting when a speaker announced that "the Spirit of God was in the church, but might not stay long"; and he urged the people present to make the most of the opportunity thus given them to obtain pardon and get religion. A moment later it was Father Taylor's turn to speak, and he began by saying that this was not *his* idea of God; that his God never went away, but was always close by and graciously waiting to forgive and bless all who should seek his help. This good old sailor-preacher had gone down too deep into the heart of religious truth to think of Divinity as under the limitations of time and space—as coming and going, like the gods of ancient mythology. Nevertheless the words of the revivalist suggest a great truth of the religious life. Not that God came any nearer to those persons in that church at that moment than he was to all others everywhere else at all times; but the singing and praying and preaching may yet have set certain spiritual influences at work in their minds and hearts, so that they were then more susceptible to religious impressions than they had ever been before or might ever be again. Their spiritual faculty, which a little while before was half asleep in drowsy indifference, has awakened, and they have become conscious of the Spirit's presence. But alas! how quickly will the opiate of common toil and care put the soul to sleep again, shutting its doors against the heavenly guest who is forever knocking and seeking for admission!

There are times in the experience of all of us when we are more susceptible to spiritual suggestions than at others,—times when heaven seems near by, and we find

it easy to believe in God and to give ourselves to his service; times when the heart is tender and responsive, the mind unbiassed and teachable, the will receptive and obedient, and we rise to the ideal heights of aspiration where the atmosphere is charged with truth, righteousness, and love. At such times it is customary to speak as if God had come nearer than before; but, in reality, the difference was entirely in us, and not at all in him. It is like the change in the outward world in these June days, when the earth has turned its face to the sun. What a transformation is wrought everywhere, and in all living things! How beautiful the gardens and fields, how glorious the hedges and woods, how fair and fragrant the flowers! As the earth thus responds to the sun, so the soul is filled with gladness, strength, confidence and earnestness of purpose, when its doors are opened to the incoming of the Holy Spirit.—*Alexander T. Bowser.*

THE STILL HOUR.

THE SPIRIT TURNS TO THEE.

To Thee, my God, to Thee,
The soul that Thou hast wakened from the
dust
Rises, with all the might of faith and trust,
Whether on land or sea.

To Thee, my God, to Thee,
The deathless essence which Thy hand hath
given
To image forth on earth Thy face in heaven,
Will spread its wings and flee!

Though other beacons shine,
Though earthly pleasures woo the passing
guest,
One gift alone can make the spirit blest,—
Thy love, Thy joy divine.

When, at the lightest call,
The joyous chords of life in union blend,
It waits until Thy presence comes to lend
The sweetest tone of all.

And when, in grief and pain,
The anchors of its earthly trust are riven,
It looks beyond the pearly gates of heaven
To find its rest again.

For Thee, my God, alone,
The waiting soul with deathless longing burns
And through the mist of distance fondly turns
To where Thy light is shown.

With Thee its pulses chime,
Like the deep swell of that eternal sea,

Which pours the waters of Eternity.
Against the shores of Time.

Less than Thyself, no aim
Can guide its wayward groping for the light,
Can quench its longing for the Infinite,
Can win its purest fame;

For it is all Thine own;
The image of Thy majesty and love,
The essence of Thine altar fires above,
Which burns for Thee alone,

And turns to seek Thy feet
Beyond all earthly joy or earthly strife,
Beyond the passing weal or woe of life,
Through victory or defeat.

Beyond the land and sea,
Beyond earth's idols shattered in the dust,
It rises on the wings of hope and trust
To Thee, my God, to Thee!

—Mary E. Blake.

How is our fainting courage reassured, and
our faltering will re-enforced, and our
troubled heart calmed, when we but think of
God, and remember that "his greatness lies
around our incompleteness—round our rest-
lessness his rest"!—*Samuel Longfellow.*

Most lives are thronged with anxieties.
But there is a spirit that is not overcome of
these things, but that bears with them in the
high thought of being in fellowship with God;
for, if we have to endure evils, God bears
with their existence, too.—*William Mount-
ford.*

Matter, were it never so despicable, is
Spirit, the manifestation of Spirit; were it
never so honorable, can it be more? The
thing Visible, nay, the thing Imagined, the
thing in any way conceived as Visible, what
is it but a Garment, a Clothing of the higher,
celestial, Invisible, unimaginable, formless,
dark with excess of bright?—*Carlyle.*

If any work is really God's giving, and he
puts it either into our hearts to devise or into
the power of our hands to do, no fear but
he will also provide stuff sufficient, whether
metal or mental.—*F. R. Havergal.*

I cannot contentedly frame a prayer for
myself in particular without a catalogue for
my friends, nor request a happiness wherein
my sociable disposition doth not desire the
fellowship of my neighbor.—*Sir Thomas
Brown.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80
Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.]

OFFERS.

For the following books apply to Mrs.
Harriet R. Barnes, 6 Barnes Street, Ware,
Mass.: "Middlemarch," George Eliot; "Felix
Holt," George Eliot; "Old Curiosity Shop,"
Dickens; Renan's "Life of Jesus"; sermons
of F. W. Robertson, first and second series;
"Far from the Madding Crowd."

REQUESTS.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in
the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking,
"Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before
sending it, else the person who requests it may receive
several copies. When any one writes directly to you, ask-
ing for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols,
saying that you have sent it. When you receive more
requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club
to be printed there.

Please write only on one side of the paper in sending
lists or letters to the secretary.

1. Mrs. M. F. Southwick, care of Mrs. F.
Sweetser, San José, California, will be grateful
for a copy of "Looking Backward."

2. Mrs. Beulah Moore, Campbell, North
Carolina, R. F. D. No. 1, has been very ill,
but slowly improving. She will be very glad
of any reading. She also asks for story
books suitable for her daughter, Abeira
Moore, twelve years old.

3. Joseph Hazeltine, Wilmot, South Da-
kota, will be pleased with any magazines.

4. Will you please send the *Cheerful Letter*
to me free? I am a local preacher in the
Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and also
a poor school-teacher. I hereby make ap-
plication for free books. Please send me
Webster's "International Dictionary," Dr.
W. T. Harris's edition (?) Carlyle's "Heroes
and Hero Worship"; "Scottish Chiefs";
"Four Famous Men of Greece"; "Four
Famous Men of Ancient Times"; "Dr. Co-
nant on Baptism." I am in need of these
books, and will appreciate them much.
Thank you for them. W. R. Chapman,
Bealeton, Virginia.

5. I would be pleased to receive the follow-
ing books: "Jackson and New Orleans," by
Alexander Walker; Tennyson's "Poems";
"Manners and Social Usages"; "Heaven My
Father's House," Kimball. Mrs. O. G.
Bailey, 1114 Bedford Avenue, Lynchburg,
Virginia.

6. Mr. J. H. Isbell asks that reading be sent one of his pupils, a boy of fourteen, who has attended school regularly as far as circumstances would permit. The address is George Price, King's Creek, North Carolina, R. F. D. No. 1.

7. Mrs. S. A. Pace, R. F. D. No. 1, Red Oak, Texas, wishes to thank all who have been so kind in sending her reading, which she has enjoyed. She would be glad to receive story-books and pictures for her two children, six and seven years of age.

8. An atlas and dictionary are asked for by Mrs. Josephine H. Merriman, Rustburg, Virginia.

9. We will be pleased to get the following books: "Works of Josephus," Moody's "Talks on Temperance," "Lady of the Lake," or any good magazines or books. Dessie and Minnie Triplett, Hendrino, North Carolina.

10. Miss Helen M. Kimball, East Nelson, New Hampshire, has been a lonely shut-in all winter. She hopes her friends will send her reading or flower seeds.

11. I am an invalid and have been confined to my room eight years. I would be glad to correspond with some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends to help pass away the long dreary hours. I would like to receive the magazine called the *Outlook*, and would be very grateful for a copy of Webster's Dictionary. Carrie J. Beaman, 164 Phoenix Avenue, Knightsville, R. I.

12. My address is changed from Parkville, Michigan, to Mendon, Michigan, St. Joe County, R. R. No. 4. Will be pleased to hear from my *Cheerful Letter* friends again in my new home. We are on a farm, six miles from town, and would be glad to receive current numbers of some good magazines. Will pass them on. Mrs. Cora A. Hoskinson, Mendon, Michigan.

13. Mrs. T. A. Gregory, Swansville, Virginia, wishes to thank the kind friends for the reading sent her in the past, and wishes they would continue sending, as they are all fond of reading. She would like very much to have the Elsie books, also "St. Elmo." She has a neighbor, Mrs. James A. Francis, who will appreciate any reading for herself and children, two boys and four girls, ages from three to nineteen.

14. Mrs. Sue Moore, Wellington, Texas, would like any good reading for herself and

children,—two girls, ages fourteen and twelve, a boy ten years old. If any one has *Good Stories*, from December to April, she would be glad of them and appreciate it.

15. Minnie May Arthur, a little girl of nine years, would like story-books.

The address of Fred Harper is now Vinson, Oklahoma.

The address of Mrs. Helen M. Hutchinson has been changed from Cass Lake, Minnesota, to Toledo, Iowa, Care of Sac & Fox.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

TEACHING ARITHMETIC.

When Juno became acquainted with Hubert, she began soon to feel a strong desire to have him come into her school,* as a fellow-pupil for his cousin Georgie. So she took an opportunity, one day, to explain the case to Georgie's mother, and to ask her whether there would be any objection to her taking Hubert in to study with Georgie sometimes.

"I'm told he is a very dull scholar," said Georgie's mother, "and so I should not think you would like to have the trouble of him."

"That is the very reason why I wish to have him come," said Juno. "He says he hates arithmetic, and I would like to try an experiment with him, to see if I cannot make him like it."

A few days after this Juno asked Hubert how he would like to come the next morning and be an honorary member of her school. Hubert said he did not know what an honorary member was.

"It is one who comes when he likes, and goes when he likes," said Juno, "and has nothing to do except what he chooses."

"I should like that very well," said Hubert.

"An honorary member does pretty much what he likes," said Juno, "only he must not do anything to disturb the others. If you come, you can go away when you please; but, as long as you stay, you mustn't do any thing to interrupt Georgie at his work."

In accordance with the invitation which Juno had given him, Hubert came the next day as an honorary member of the school. He arrived just as Georgie was beginning his work upon his journal for that day, and

*The word "school" is rather misleading. Georgie was the only scholar.

stood by the desk while Georgie was at work, watching his operations with great interest. Georgie had a box upon his desk where he kept the scraps which he had cut out from newspapers and the pictures which he had selected. These were the materials from which he was accustomed to choose each day what he should put in. After watching Georgie for some time, Hubert amused himself for the next half hour in reading these papers and in looking at the pictures. He became so much interested in the idea of keeping such a journal that he almost wished he had one himself.

Things went on in this way for several days. Hubert came during the journal hour and looked over Georgie at his work, amusing himself by sometimes seeing Georgie write, and sometimes by reading the collection of stories, riddles, and other things which were contained in the box.

At length, one day, he told Juno that he would like to keep a journal, and asked her whether she could give him a book and let him begin.

Juno shook her head gently, and then said:

"Ah, you're only an honorary member of my school."

"What kind of a member is it," asked Hubert, "that is not an honorary member?"

"An active member," said Juno.

"And could not I be an active member?" asked Hubert.

"You would not like it, I'm afraid," said Juno, "for then you would have to come under the rules."

"What rules?" asked Hubert.

"I should say the *rule*," said Juno, "for there is but one rule."

"What is that?" asked Hubert.

"To do just what I say without any objections. Whatever I should give you to do, you would have to do without showing any unwillingness at all."

"And what should you give me to do first?" asked Hubert.

"Well, I should very likely give you the hardest thing I could think of," said Juno; "that is, provided I thought you could do it. I think I should begin, perhaps, with long division."

"Oh, horrid!" said Hubert.

Juno smiled, but made no reply.

"I can't understand long division," said Hubert. "I have tried a great many times and it's no use."

"I don't wonder you say so," replied Juno. "There's nothing harder in all the arithmetic than long division."

"Long division is hard enough," said Hubert, "but I thought there were a great many things that were harder on beyond."

"No," said Juno, "I don't think there is anything harder; that is, anything I mean that is harder for the boy when he comes to it, than long division is when he comes to that."

I have no doubt that Juno was right in this. Indeed I should not be at all surprised if any great astronomer were to say that there was nothing in the whole course of his mathematical studies in algebra, in analytical geometry, or in the integral and differential calculus, that was more difficult for him, *when he arrived at it*, than long division was for him, *when he came to that*, in his studies at school when he was a boy.

"I tell you plainly," said Juno, "that it is very hard. It is a great thing for a boy to learn it. But I believe you can learn it; and, if you become an active member of my school, that would be the first thing you would have to begin upon. And, if you think from what you know of me, that I should require anything of you that would distress or trouble you, or give you pain, then you had better not be an active member of my school, but be contented to be an honorary member."

"She won't, Hubert, you may depend," said Georgie.

"No," said Hubert, "I'm sure she won't, and I'll come."

So he came the next day, bringing his slate and pencil, and also his arithmetic with him. Juno said he would not need the book at present.

When the time for arithmetic arrived, Juno said to Hubert that she should wish to have Georgie help her about it.

"I suppose," she added, addressing Hubert, "that you will have no objection to having Georgie help me."

"Oh, no, indeed!" said Hubert.

Juno then said,—

"There are four things to be done, one after the other, in Long Division. First you have to divide in a certain way; then you have to multiply; then you have to subtract; and then you have to bring down a figure. The last is the easiest, and that is what you will begin with, Hubert. That is all you will have to learn to-day. You see, you are going to learn one thing at a time. You will do the bringing down, and Georgie will do all the rest. But, in order that you may see that Georgie does his part regularly, I wish you to write these words on the corner of your slate, one under the other in a column."

So Juno dictated the words and Hubert wrote them, as follows:—

Divide,
Multiply,
Subtract,
Bring down.

Then Juno gave out a question. It was to divide a long row of figures by 13. The row of figures extended half along the slate, from the left to the middle.

Georgie was to begin the operation, taking one step at a time, and saying what he was doing as he went along, until he came to *bringing down the next figure*, in the dividend, when he was to pass the pencil into Hubert's hands, and let him do that part.

So Georgie began.

"The first thing, you see," said Georgie to Hubert, speaking in an undertone, "is to divide. The way I do that is to see how many times 13 will go into the first two figures which are 27. I think it will go twice, and so I put the 2 down in the quotient."

"Now," said Georgie, "the next thing is to multiply."

As he said this, he pointed to the word *multiply*, in the list of things to be done which Hubert had written on the slate. Then he multiplied the 13 by the figure in the quotient—namely, 2, and set the result down under the two figures which had been divided.

"Now," said Georgie, "the list says that the next thing to be done is to *subtract*, and this is the way we do it." He then drew a line, made the proper subtraction, and set down the remainder underneath.

"Now," said Georgie, "it comes your turn. See, the next thing in the list is to *bring down*."

So he gave the pencil into Hubert's hand, and showed what the figure was which was to be brought down, and where he was to put it.

Georgie went on with the work in this way, being careful, in every step that he took, to show Hubert the word on the list which denoted it, and stopping to let Hubert bring down the figure at every return of the word directing it. Hubert was at first, when his turn came, a little at a loss to know exactly what figure it was that he was to bring down, and where he was to put it, but he soon came to understand it, so that he did it promptly and correctly the moment the pencil was put into his hand, and he was quite pleased to find that he could do it so readily and so certainly. They went on in that way until the operation was completed. Toward the last part of the time, Hubert

began to find his part of the work somewhat too easy, and he had a great mind to ask to be allowed to do the subtraction, too. But he concluded, on the whole, to proceed just as Juno had directed, and so he went on to the end, taking no part in the work except to bring down the new figure, when a new one was required.

When the work was done, the boys took the slate to Juno. She looked over it carefully, but said nothing till she reached the end. Then she nodded her head with a look of satisfaction, and said, "All right." She did not say a word in praise of Hubert for having been attentive and diligent and for having succeeded in his work well, but seemed to take it for granted that of course he would succeed and would do it well.

Now Juno in this lesson had accomplished a great thing for Hubert in respect to his intellectual training. Some persons might perhaps say: "Oh, no: it was a very *little* thing. A very little thing indeed. He had learned nothing of long division, but just how to bring down the figure after every subtraction, which is almost nothing at all."

But it was not the change in respect to his arithmetical knowledge that was the important thing in this case. It was that she had induced him to work steadily for half an hour, without impatience, vexation, or fretfulness, in doing something with figures, and had thus prepared the way for his going on to something that was really important in respect to the figures themselves. In a word, she had got the wheels up from among the sticks of wood and mud, and on the track.* She was very much pleased with the half-hour's work. "He'll go along now," said she, "I feel pretty sure,—that is, if I don't push him along too fast at first, and get him off the track again."—"Hubert," by Jacob Abbott.

* This is an allusion to a comparison of Hubert with a steam-engine, which would not go. The question was, Had the steam-engine merely run off the track or was there something wrong in its internal structure? Juno thought, there was nothing wrong in the structure of Hubert's mind, because in his amusements he made calculations with ease. So she decided that he was like an engine off the track, not like one with defects in the machinery.

HAVE ANIMALS SOULS?

(Concluded.)

That animals have acute observation, memory, imagination, the sense of approbation, strong affections, and the power of

reasoning is therefore very evident. Lord Bacon speaks also of a dog's reverence for his master as partaking of a religious element. "Mark," says he, "what a generosity and courage a dog will put on when he finds himself maintained by a man who to him is instead of a God, which courage he could not attain, without that confidence in a better nature than his own." Who that has seen the mute admiration and trust in a dog's eye, as he looks up at his master, but can see in it something of a religious reverence, the germ and first principle of religion?

What, then, is the difference between the human soul and that of the animal in its highest development?

We find in the soul of animals all active, affectionate, and intelligent capacities, as in that of man. The only difference is that man is capable of abstract ideas, which give him a larger liberty of action, which enable him to adopt an aim and pursue it, and which change his affections from an instinctive attachment into a principle of generous love. Add, then, to the animal soul the capacity for abstract ideas, and it would rise at once to the level of man. Meantime, in a large part of their nature animals have the same faculties with ourselves. They share our emotions, and we theirs. They are made "a little lower" than man, and, if we are souls, so surely are they.

Are they immortal? To discuss this question would require more space than we can here give to it. For my own part I fully believe in the continued existence of all souls, at the same time assuming their continued advance. The law of life is progress, and one of the best features in the somewhat unspiritual theory of Darwin is its profound faith in perpetual improvement. This theory is the most startling optimism, that has ever been taught, for it makes perpetual progress to be the law of the whole universe.

Many of the arguments for the immortality of man cannot indeed be used for our dumb relations, the animals. We cannot argue from their universal faith in a future life, nor contend that they need an immortality on moral grounds to recompense their good conduct and punish their wickedness. We might, indeed, adduce a reason implied in our Saviour's parable, and believe that the poor creatures who have received their evil things in this life will be comforted in another. Moreover, we find in many animals qualities fitting them for a higher state. There are animals, as we have seen, who show a fidelity, courage, generosity often superior to what we see in man. The dogs who have

loved their master more than food, and starved to death on his grave, are surely well fitted for a higher existence. Jesse tells a story of a cat which was being stoned by cruel boys. Men went by and did not interfere, but a dog that saw it did. He drove away the boys, and then took the cat to his kennel, licked her all over with his tongue, and his conduct interested persons, who brought her milk. The canine nurse took care of her till she was well, and the cat and dog remained fast friends ever after. Such an action in a man would have been called heroic, and we think such a dog would not be out of place in heaven.

Yet it is not so much on particular cases of animal superiority that we rely, but on the difficulty of conceiving, in any sense, of the destruction of life. The principle of life, whether we call it soul or body, matter or spirit, escapes all observation of the senses. All that we know of it by observation is that, beside the particles of matter which compose an organized body, there is something else not cognizable by the senses, which attracts and dismisses them, modifies and co-ordinates them. The unity of the body is not to be found in its sensible phenomena, but in something which escapes the senses. Into the vortex of that life material molecules are being continually absorbed, and from it they are perpetually discharged. If death means the dissolution of the body, we die many times in the course of our earthly career; for every body is said by human anatomists to be changed in all its particles once in seven years. What, then, remains if all the particles go? The principle of organization remains, and this invisible, persistent principle constitutes the identity of every organized body. If I say that I have the *same* body when I am fifty which I had at twenty, it is because I mean by "body" that which continues unaltered amid the fast-flying particles of matter. This life principle makes and remakes the material frame: that body does not make it. When what we call death intervenes, all that we can assert is that the life principle has done wholly and at once what it has always been doing gradually and in part. What happens to the material particles we see. They become detached from the organizing principle, and relapse into simply mechanical and chemical conditions. What has happened to that organizing principle we neither see nor know, and we have absolutely no reason at all for saying that it has ceased to exist.

This is as true of plants and of animals as of men, and there is no reason for supposing that when these die their principle of life is

ended. It probably has reached a crisis which consists in the putting on of new forms and ascending into a higher order of organized existence.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

(Continued from May number.)

A few months after I had absorbed Parker's "Discourse" the great sorrow of my life befell me. My mother, whose health had been feeble ever since I could remember her, and who was now seventy years of age, passed away from a world which has surely held few spirits so pure and sweet. She died with her weeping husband and sons beside her bed, and with her head resting on my breast. Almost her last words were to tell me I had been "the pride and joy" of her life. The agony I suffered when I realized that she was gone I shall not try to tell. She was the one being in the world whom I truly loved through all the passionate years of youth and early womanhood, the only one who really loved me. Never one word of anger or bitterness had passed from her lips to me, nor (thank God!) from mine to her in the twenty-four years in which she blessed my life; and for the latter part of that time her physical weakness had drawn a thousand tender cares of mine around her. No relationship in all the world, I think, can ever be so perfect as that of mother and daughter under such circumstances, when the strength of youth becomes the support of age, and the sweet dependence of childhood is reversed.

But it was all over. I was alone. No more motherly love and tenderness were ever again to reach my thirsting heart. But this was not, as I recall it, the worst pang in that dreadful agony. I had (as I said above) ceased to believe in a future life, and, therefore, I had no choice but to think that that most beautiful soul, which was worth all the kingdoms of earth, had actually *ceased to be*. She was a "Memory," nothing more.

I was not then, or at any time, one of those fortunate people who can suddenly cast aside the conclusions which they have reached by careful, intellectual processes, and leap to opposite opinions at the call of sentiment. I played no tricks with my convictions, but strove as best I could to endure the awful strain, and to recognize the Divine Justice and Goodness through the darkness of death.

I need not and cannot say more on the subject.

Happily for me there were many duties waiting for me, and I could recognize even then that, though *pleasure* seemed gone forever, yet it was a relief to feel I still had *duties*. "Something to do for others" was an assuagement of misery. My father claimed first and much attention, and the position I now held as the female head of the family and household gave me a good deal of employment. To this I added teaching in my village school a mile from our house two or three times a week, and looking after all the sick and hungry in the two villages of Donabate and Balisk. Those were the years of famine and fever in Ireland, and there was abundant call for all our energies to combat them.

Reading Parker's "Discourse" once again, as I did very naturally in my solitude, it occurred to me to write to him and ask him to tell me on what ground he based the faith which I perceived he held, in a life after death?

Parker answered me in a most kind letter, accompanied by his "Sermon of the Immortal Life." Of course, I studied this with utmost care and sympathy, and by slow—very slow—degrees, as I came more to take in the full scope of the Theistic, as distinguished from the Deistic, view, I saw my way to a renewal of the *hope of the human race* which twenty years later I set forth as best I could in the little book of that name. I learned to trust the intuition of immortality which is "written in the heart of man by a Hand which writes no falsehoods." I deemed also that I could see (as Parker says) the evidence of "a summer yet to be, in the buds which lie folded through our northern winter," the presence in human nature of many efflorescences, and they the fairest of all, quite unaccountable and unmeaning on the hypothesis that the end of man is in the grave. In later years I think, as the gloom of the evil and cruelty of the world has shrouded more the almost cloudless skies of my youth, I have most fervently held by the doctrine of immortality because it is to me *the indispensable corollary of that of the goodness of God*.

Recovering this faith, as I may say, rationally, and not by any gust of emotion, I had the inexpressible happiness of thinking henceforth of my mother as still existing in God's universe, and (as well I knew) loving me wherever she might be, and under whatever loftier condition of being. To meet her again, "spirit to spirit, ghost to ghost," has been to me for forty years the sweetest thought

connected with death. Ere long now it must be realized.

I wrote the "Essay on the Theory of Intuitive Morals" between my thirtieth and thirty-third years. I had a great deal else to do: to amuse and help my father (then growing old); to direct our household, entertain our guests, carry on the feminine correspondence of the family, teach in my village school twice a week or so, and to attend every case of illness or other tribulation in Donabate and Balisk. My leisure for writing and for the preliminary reading for writing was principally at night or in the early morning; and at last it was accomplished. No one but my dear old friend, Harriet St. Leger, had seen any part of the MS., and, as I have said, nobody belonging to my family had ever (so far as I know) employed a printer or publisher before. I took the MS. with me to London, where my father and I were fortunately going for a holiday, and called with it in Paternoster Row, on Mr. William Longman, to whom I had a letter of business introduction from my Dublin bookseller. When I opened my affair to Mr. Longman, it was truly a case of Byron's address to Murray:—

"To thee with hope and terror dumb,
The unfledged MS. authors come;
Thou printest all, and sellest some,
My Murray!"

Mr. Longman politely veiled a smile, and adopted the voice of friendly dissuasion from my enterprise, looking no doubt on a young lady (as I still was) as a very unpromising author for a treatise on Kantian ethics! My spirit, however, rose with the challenge. I poured out for some minutes much that I had been thinking over for years, and, as I paused at last, Mr. Longman said briefly, but decidedly, "*I'll publish your book.*"

At last the proofs were corrected, the notes verified, and the time had come when the preface must be written! How was I to find a quiet hour to compose it? Like most women, I was bound hand and foot by a fine web of little duties and attentions which men never feel, or brush aside remorselessly (it was only Hooker who rocked a cradle with his foot while he wrote the "Ecclesiastical Polity"!); and it was a serious question for me when I could find leisure and solitude. Luckily, just on the critical day, my father was seized with a fancy to go to the play, and, equally luckily, I had so bad a cold that it was out of question that I should, as usual, accompany him. Accordingly I had an evening all alone, and wrote fast and hard

finishing the last sentence of my Preface as I heard my father's knock at the hall door.

The book was brought out by Longmans that year [1855], and afterward by Crosby & Nichols in Boston, and again by Trübner in London. It was reviewed rather largely, and, on the whole, very kindly, considering it was by an unknown and altogether unfriended author, but sometimes also in a manner which it is pleasant to know has gone out of fashion in these latter days. It was amusing to see that not one of my critics had a suspicion they were dealing with a woman's work. They all said, "*He reasons clearly.*" "*His spirit and manner are particularly well suited to ethical discussion.*" "*His treatment of morals*" (said the *Guardian*) "*is often both true and beautiful.*" "*It is a most noble performance*" (said the *Caledonian Mercury*), "*the work of a masculine and lofty mind.*" "*It is impossible*" (said the *Scotsman*) "*to deny the ability of the writer, or not to admire his high moral tone, his earnestness, and the fulness of his knowledge.*"—*Autobiography of Frances Power Cobbe.*

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

To her Brother, James Freeman Clarke.

SPRING, 1839.

My dear James,—I send you "The Rhodora" copied from memory. I do not know whether it will do to print it from such an authority; I am not sure whether "sluggish" in the fourth line should not be "sullen," or "thought" in the fourteenth should not be "sought"; but do as you think best. When I can, I will get an authentic copy and send it to you.

About your leaving Louisville which mother has written so largely about, I will add my word. It seems evident that you are not destined to remain there permanently, however much the people may be attached to you. You have behaved generously and been contented with a small salary. . . . Since you have been there, the church has increased slowly but steadily, and, if that does not satisfy them, you cannot hope to do more. It is much better, too, to leave them while there is no difficulty, that your parting may be peaceful. If you do not break off the connection now, you will not even know, till after you return to Louisville and have furnished a house, whether they will want you for another year. You will, I hope, not suspect me, my dear brother, of wishing you to act from pride or selfishness,

but there is a certain wisdom that I think every man has a right to exercise, and must, if he would keep up his dignity as a man; and I ask you whether, if you should return to Louisville and go to housekeeping, and introduce your wife there, and at the yearly meeting of the trustees Mr. — and Mr. — should say that they found it impossible to raise your salary—that unless the society increased very much they could not do it... I ask you whether you would not have the very unpleasant reflection to make that you had brought this upon yourself by letting the right moment for leaving them pass over? I cannot think that, if Mr. H. knew all these circumstances, he would wish you to remain. I think myself that such a step taken decidedly now when you could not be suspected of pique, would do your people more good than ten years of preaching, and they will be all the better for the discovery than if they soothed themselves in ignorance. I am not the least unwilling to say that you left Louisville because they wanted to get some one who would make the church grow faster. Your reputation here as a preacher is so well established that it would not injure you. Then if, as you say, you are better at the West, there is Chicago, where a fine society may soon be built up, and where you will have some chance of being treated more as you deserve.

I confess, too, that I should feel much happier about you if you were settled in a free State. You do not, I know, think with me about this, but to me it seems like partaking in the iniquity to settle for life in a slave-holding State; but of this every one must take his own view.

What you tell me of William Channing* delights me. I will certainly see the Doctor and tell him what you say about his (William's) coming, and who knows but he may be near Meadville in time to do a kindness for you? I suppose Anna would like that very well, for she seems to have been educated in a becoming reverence for that good man.

Farewell, my dear brother. I have given you my view of your situation as clearly as possible and as strongly, and, whatever your decision is, I shall never say any more about it to you. Of course I know that there are strong ties of affection between you and almost all the members of your society, but the disaffected ones are those in authority and can always give you trouble.

Ever yours,

SARAH.

* William Henry Channing.

MAY, 1839.

My dear James,—I send you this authentic copy of "The Rhodora" which I obtained by going to Concord where Mr. Emerson wrote it off for me. You will see some slight variations. He requests that you would only put his initials if you please, for he says your other correspondents do so, and he does not like to see his name stretched out so long.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Canton Corner, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

CHANGED INITIALS.

Example: Change a fabric of fine thread to a contest in running. Answer: L-ace, R-ace.

1. Change to move off to a connoisseur.
2. Change purpose to base.
3. Change a combat to useful animals.
4. Change to pierce with the teeth to a paper toy.
5. Change metal in its mineral state to anger.
6. Change a mound to a little width.
7. Change an inflamed swelling to labor.
8. Change to name to a public building.
9. Change in time past to a Latin pronoun.
10. Change an adjective to an animal.
11. Change a water animal to pronounce.
12. Change a male deer to chance.
13. Change a wild beast to a fruit.
14. Change an atom to frozen fluid.
15. Change anxiety to a weed.

When the changes have been rightly made, and the words written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a flower that blossoms in the woods from April to June.

II.

ANAGRAMS. FAMOUS WOMEN.

1. A rusty tram.
2. Net a frill, going hence.
3. I never quit a Co.
4. Clatter, hoary cod.

5. An oar of J. C.
6. To hash capon.
7. Miss Marie.

—Selected.

III.

8. What is it that plays when it works and works when it plays?
9. What trembles at each breath of air, and yet can heaviest burdens bear?

IV.

HIDDEN CITIES.

1. He walks with a calm, dignified air.
2. We played blind-man's buff a long time last night.
3. To a bargain sale, men never go.
4. In hottest August, inertia seizes one.
5. You may eat scrambled eggs or omelette.

—Selected.

Answers to Puzzles in May Number.

I.

PARLIAMENT
 LONGFELLOW
 SACRAMENTO
 SEBASTOPOL
 MANCHESTER
 CASSIOPEIA
 FRANCONIAN
 WINCHESTER
 ALGONQUIAN
 THUCYDIDES

II.

Horace Greeley.
 Ulysses S. Grant.
 Henry Clay.
 Henry Ward Beecher.
 Theodore Roosevelt.
 George Washington.
 Daniel Webster.
 Dwight Moody.

III.

Cabinet Makers.
 Lansing, Michigan.

IV.

Lorna Doone.
 David Copperfield.
 Rudder Grange.
 Middlemarch.
 Richard Carvel.
 The Christian.

V.

Apollo.
 Ceres.
 Jupiter.
 Diana.
 Neptune.
 Minerva.
 Pluto.
 Pomona.

MURDERED BIRDS.

APPEAL TO WOMEN.

Sisters,—Do you realize that not less than 10,000,000 birds are killed every year that you may decorate (?) your hat or bonnet with their feathers?

Do you realize that every murdered father and mother bird leaves at least two helpless, starving, young birds to die, crying piteously and in vain for food?

Do you realize that this wholesale slaughter is exterminating whole species of beautiful songsters?

Do you realize that insects multiply prodigiously,—some at the ratio of 1 to 100,000 every year,—and that worms often destroy whole crops, and that those 10,000,000 murdered birds would have eaten and fed their young on 1,000,000,000,000 insect pests? Yet *you* have worn the feathers and sometimes the bodies of the murdered birds on your hats, and *you* have hushed their sweet songs.

“What does it cost, this garniture of death?

It costs the life which God alone can give;
 It costs dull silence where was music's breath,

It costs dead joy, that foolish pride may live.

Ah! life and joy and song, depend upon it,
 Are costly trimmings for a woman's bonnet!”

Sisters, we have lace, ribbon, silk, satin, velvet, and straw, we have silver, gold, steel, glass, jet, brass, tinsel, and bronze, we have artificial flowers, buds, blossoms, leaves, and sprays. Will you not use these for ornaments, and resolve to wear nothing on your hats which has cost the life of the daintiest, cheeriest, sweetest, most beautiful and melodious of all God's creatures?—*P. T. Chamberlain, Neponset, W. C. T. U., Department of Mercy.*

I have a few books that may be acceptable to a minister remote from libraries: Livermore's “Commentaries on the Gospels” and on “The Epistle to the Romans”; John H. Thom on “The Epistles to the Corinthians”; “Regeneration,” by E. H. Sears; “Foregleams of Immortality,” E. H. Sears. These are old books, but have a permanent value. One or two are slightly defaced as to the covers, but clean within.

Address Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

He who is plenteously provided for from within needs but little from without.—*Goethe.*

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

Headquarters of the Cheerful Letter Exchange are at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. The secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, may be found there on Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays.

There will be no monthly meetings of the Cheerful Letter Exchange during the summer months. Notice will be given of the first meeting held in the autumn.

HEREAFTER, ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS, INTENDED FOR THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, "CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, 25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS." THIS INCLUDES SUBSCRIPTIONS, CHANGES OF ADDRESS, REQUESTS FOR DISCONTINUANCE, BEGGING LETTERS RECEIVED BY MEMBERS OR BRANCHES.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange is developing Home Study work for the benefit of those without school facilities.

Arrangements will be made for lessons by correspondence in any school subject for those who are unable to leave their homes or who are far from centres of education.

Will those who would like to receive such instruction please send requests to Mrs. Ruth Peterson, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of an instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable. Do not offer odd numbers of periodicals.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No theology is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Those who send reading matter to the soldiers in the Philippine Islands are reminded that *current* periodicals and good bright, standard novels are the kind of reading desired. Do not send *old* magazines nor periodicals adapted especially for women. Numbers of periodicals issued within a year may be sent.

Please send subscriptions to the Treasurer, not to the Editor.

Chairman, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goff Street, Quincy, Mass.

Secretary, Mrs. Lily Blunt Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Treasurer, Mrs. Charles T. Catlin, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Make checks payable to Mary Louise Catlin. Subscription, 50 cents a year.

Editor of the "Cheerful Letter," Miss Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.